

Buildings and Improvements—The Wood's Library, Etc., As Seen by a Visitor.

Editor of the Herald:

DEAR SIR:—As you have asked for news from all parts of the county, I send you a few notes gathered in a recent trip to Au Sable and Oscoda.

The "Forest Brigade" being now out of town on their winter campaign, and the large mills being laid up for the winter, times are rather dull at present; but better things are expected in the spring, when the products of the work now going on in distant parts of this and other counties, will come "booming" down the rapid Au Sable river, and furnish food for the hungry leviathans now hibernating here, sharpening their teeth, and recruiting and strengthening their digestive apparatus.

In the meanwhile, a stroll around town will give us a few notes of progress and improvement this winter. Work is progressing on the three buildings which George Orth is erecting on the burnt district in Oscoda, and which are now near completion. On the other side of Main street, H. C. King is putting up a huge building calculated for two stores, with a hall above. The building is 50x80 feet; one of the stores is 22x80, the other 26x80, and both will be very desirable locations for business. Mr. King has already had several applications to lease them. The hall above occupies the whole upper floor, and makes a magnificent room about 48x78 inside, with an arched ceiling running up to height of about 25 feet, and giving ample opportunity for ventilation. An elevated stage, of liberal width, runs across the entire rear of the hall, and a broad and easy stairway will give rapid access, on a side street, for any crowd that may occupy it.

In Au Sable, the large block of business buildings which Mr. Yockey is erecting on the river side of River street, will soon be ready for occupation. A temporary passenger and freight depot has been erected by the D. B. C. & A. railroad, affording a comfortable waiting-room for passengers. In various parts of Au Sable and Oscoda new dwellings are under way.

But I must tell you of a large investment made here, which strange to say, in this matter-of-factage and community, is not expected to yield any return in dollars and cents. I refer to the "WOODS LIBRARY," a munificent donation for a library and library building, made to the citizens of Oscoda by Mr. J. L. Woods, of the firm of Pack, Woods & Co. I am informed that the whole amount invested for this purpose is \$15,000 of which about \$5,000 is for building, furniture, books, etc., and the remainder is to be set aside as a permanent fund to keep the library supplied with books and papers. The building was finished and opened in November last, and is a model of neatness and elegance, both in external appearance and in internal fitness, for the uses designed. A broad veranda surrounds three sides, which, in summer, will afford a delightful place to while away an hour with a book or paper. The front door opens into an ample vestibule for depositing hats, overcoats, etc.; on the right a door opens from the vestibule into the library proper; on the left, another door enters the newspaper and periodical room, while between the two, and communicating with each, is a room for writing. All the rooms are finished in native woods, eiled and varnished. Every interior arrangement of the furnishing has been made with a liberal hand. Each room has a long library table in walnut, with green baize top. The table lamps are large and handsome; the chandeliers elegant in pattern, and with plenty of burners; the book cases of costly wood in beautiful designs, with glass doors. There is an abundance of comfortable arm chairs; the rooms are heated by steam from the boiler of the water works across the street. There are now about 600 volumes on the shelves. We were informed that the books were selected by Mr. Edwin F. Holmes of the firm of Pack, Woods & Co. They combine instruction with entertainment in a remarkable degree, and an inspection of them reveals the fact that Mr. Holmes is well posted as to the best works of the late authors, as well as to the standard favorites of old, and that he knows also the popular needs which a library in this community should meet.

There are found on these shelves, Bancroft's History of the United States, Macaulay's complete works, Chambers' Encyclopedia, Shakespeare's, Irving's and Hawthorne's complete works, most of the English and American Poets, Mrs. Whitney's and Louisa M. Alcott's charming tales for young people, and George MacDonald's fine and pure stories of English life. In fiction, there are Thackeray's writings, Cooper's Tales of Sea and Land, complete in about 30 volumes; Bulwer's Works, about the same number of volumes; Walter Scott in 24 volumes; Dickens in 15 volumes;—but we must stop, for we can only begin to enumerate the treasures found on these shelves. The books are generally in large readable type, and in the handy duodecimo form so convenient for readers. On the reading table in this room is Worcester's large illustrated quarto Dictionary; also a late and very complete Universal Atlas.

In the Periodical room we find that there

Courier des Etats Unis, with another French papers & Swedish Weekly, The N. Y. Sunday Herald, The N. Y. Semi-weekly Tribune, the Times-Democrat, the Inter-Ocean, a weekly from San Antonio, Texas, the Detroit dailies, and many others whose names we have forgotten. Among the "Lake Shore" papers we remember the Alpena Pioneer, Harrisville Review, AuSable & Oscoda "Saturday Night," and the Isosco County Gazette, but we searched the files in vain for the new and enterprising paper from Tawas City, the TAWAS HERALD. We hope it will soon appear on the files.

The library is placed near the three mammoth saw mills of Pack, Woods & Co., Moore & Tanner, and Smith, Gratiwick & Fryer, and, we presume is designed principally to afford to the employees of those mills, and of the offices and stores in the vicinity, in their leisure hours, the advantage of the liberal training which books and papers can give. But the benefit is not limited to these alone—the rooms are freely opened to all comers. There is only one rule: "That the books are to be read at the rooms, and not to be carried away." The rooms and books are well cared for by Mr. Hamlin, who is in constant attendance from 8 a. m., to 9 o'clock p. m., both week days and Sundays, and his services are paid for out of the same generous provision which furnished the library.

No more comfortable place could be desired by the weary toiler in mill, in store, or office, to rest the body and refresh the mind with interesting papers, and attractive books. We hope to see the number of those who frequent it largely increase during the coming summer, and thus give fuller effect to the noble purpose of the generous founder, viz: "To afford the opportunity of intellectual enjoyment, of culture and of refinement to those whose life is generally one of hard toil, with little means to secure such opportunities for themselves; and further, by the aid of cheerful rooms, of light, of warmth, of attractive reading, to charm the young men away from those other places whose enticements lead only to ruin."

The whole purpose of this letter will not be accomplished, Mr. Editor, unless it shall induce some wealthy and generous citizens of Tawas City and East Tawas, to "go and do likewise"; and to lay, in each of our thriving communities, the foundation, even though it should be on a much smaller scale, of institutions as noble in their purpose, and as fruitful of good results, as the Woods Library of Oscoda, or the Sage Library, recently established at West Bay City by Henry W. Sage, on a foundation of nearly \$50,000.

May there be a generous rivalry! And that not one man alone, but that two or three men, in each of our towns, may combine to found such libraries and place them on a broad and liberal basis, is the hope of your CORRESPONDENT.

In his annual volume concerning Michigan the immigration commissioner aims to set forth the advantages which the state affords farmers, mechanics, business men, and others. In his next book, if the commissioner desires to present the true state of affairs, he will refer to the superior opportunities afforded by Michigan to murderers robbers, cutpurses, and the general run of thugs and thieves. The commissioner can allude to the late tragedies in Detroit and Jackson county to point the immunity from danger that attends the trade of murder. Then he could refer to the outcome of a certain famous libel suit as an illustration of the artistic manner that we have of conducting a robbery. In states where primitive methods are in vogue, the light-fingered gentry, being in terror of the law, are forced to the inconvenience of conducting their operations at times when they will be secure from observation. If successful they must secure the intervention of "fences" to place the plunder. It is different here. We rob in the daylight and by processes so far improved upon the stupid methods of other states, that courts instead of being a hindrance, are an actual aid. Juries are decorated, judges secured, and the swag carried off without molestation, and boldly enjoyed before the gaze of men, while the beneficiaries move in good society. By an intelligent presentation of these facts the commissioner will secure for Michigan a large influx of capable and enterprising citizens.—Mt. Clemens Monitor.

There is something wrong in this "confession" business. A man named Tappan recently "confessed" that his brother murdered the Maybee family on Long Island last fall. Now it is pretty clearly proven that a negro named Rugg is the murderer. Not long since a man "confessed" to murdering a woman and after sentence the woman made her appearance. A "confession" was also made by a boy as to the shooting of a car-driver and now it is claimed that the "confession" was made under fear of cruel treatment. There are either some big liars in the country or else our detectives have the power to mesmerize a man into confessing anything wanted.—Peck's Sun

A Boston man is in Washington with a patent electro-voting machine, and wants it introduced into the house of representa-

NOTICE.

That GOODS are CHEAPER for the HOLIDAYS.

Below are some of our Special Prices the next Sixty Days In Dry Goods. Dolmans Below Cost, Jerseys, \$2.50, A Good Corset, 25, Gingham from 7 to 10c, Silks, Satin, Plushes and Cloaking, 15 per ct off. IN HARDWARE, CROCKERY, & GISSWARE PRICES Way Down.

Jammed full of Good that must be Sold by March 1st. Come and see us for we know we can please you, both Quality and Price. Thanking the public for past liberal patronage and expecting a continuation of the same, we remain, YOURS TRULY HAILTON & BRYANT. SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HAMILTON.

In Advance. The terms of the HERALD are \$1.50 per year in advance and these terms will be adhered to "without variableness or shadow of turning."

80 Acre Farm For Sale. Two and a half miles west of Tawas City; two acres cleared, and a two story house; spring creek running through the center of the land north and south. The timber consists of Maple, Beech, Birch, Black Ash and Hemlock; will more than pay for clearing; 15 or 20 acres can be cleared for five to ten dollars per acre. Price, \$700.00. Warranty deed. M. G. DIXON, 3-4t.

A Good Farm For Sale. The undersigned desires to sell the following described land, situated in the township of Tawas: The east half of the northwest quarter of section 33, containing 80 acres, 55 of which is cleared, and 45 acres green timber. A small orchard, a block house and log barn, a good well of water and a root house. Terms, \$1,300; \$400 down, and the balance on time. RUDOLPH WIEBER, 1-3m. Sebewing, Huron Co. Mich.

Village Lots For Sale. The undersigned has fifty desirable lots for sale in the village of East Tawas, within a short distance of the depot site. These lots will be sold on easy terms. Apply to JOHN SULLIVAN, East Tawas, Mich.

Notice of Estary. Notice is hereby given that on or about the 10th day of November, A. D. 1888, a white and red spotted cow, about 5 or 6 years old, with very long curved horns, strayed upon my enclosed lands in the township of Tawas, and now remains thereupon. The owner will please pay charges and take said cow away. JOSEPH GOUGHIER, Sr., 1-6w.

Pianos and Organs!! C. V. Hicks, of Au Sable, is prepared to furnish Pianos and Organs at the very lowest prices that a good instrument can be bought at; Chickering Pianos and Estey Organs. 5-tf.

DRESS MAKING. Mrs. R. V. Davidson having returned after a brief absence, is again prepared to do all kinds of work in dress making, and will be pleased to have her former patrons call upon her. She now has rooms at Mrs. R. A. Kelley's, opposite the M. E. church, Tawas City, Mich. 3-4t.

W. A. DARLING, THE RELIABLE RESTAURANT. Is now prepared to serve Oysters in every style at his RESTAURANT near the bridge on Mathew street.

CANNED GOODS of every description. Pickled pigs feet tongue, etc.

Choice Line OF CONFECTIONERY AND NUTS STATIONERY AND NEWS STAND.

Subscriptions received for periodicals and newspapers. A portion of your patronage is solicited. W. A. DARLING.

SUBSCRIBE FOR TheTawasHerald.

THE PACE TO BUY YOUR Provisions, Groceries, AND Dry Goods, Is At C. H. PESCOTT & SONS, TAWAS CITY, MICH. Our facilities for purchasing and handling all kinds of Provisions and Camp Supplies are such that we can offer special inducements to buyers. —Weave a Large Stock of—

FAMILY GROCERIES & DRY GOODS Purchased before migration closed which we are offering at figure that can not be undersold. BIG STOCK OF UNDERCLOTHING, MACINAWs, BLANKETS, BOOTS & SHOES and RUBBER GOODS. Look over our stock and get prices.

SQUARE DEALING AND LOW PRICES. THE RELIABLE CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS HOUSE Immense stock from the best manufacturers which is being sold at CLOSE FIGURES! I will sell my remaining Overcoats at 20 per ct. off Regular Prices. LUMBERMENS' SUPPLIES At Wholesale & Retail Down at the Lowest Notch. An Elegant Line of Watches and Jewelry at reasonable prices. A Fine Assortment of Cigars, Tobacco and Pipes. When trading do not fail to call on T. SIMON. CORNER LAKE AND MATHEW STS. TAWAS CITY MICH. The only suitable public hall above the store.

TAWAS CITY PLANING MILL, GRISE & CRANDALL, Manufacturers of FLOORING, SIDING, CEILING, MOLDING, WINDOW and DOOR FRAMES. Wood Finishing & Scroll Sawing

From the dawn of the Christian era to the present time there have been those who labored for a loose administration of the things of God, which should relieve men of the sharp necessity of coming out from the world and being separate from it, and teaching not unclean things. And always it has proved that a few years of the success of this view has so demoralized the church as to compel it to swing back upon the other tack, and advocate and practice the strict construction of the gospel.—[Congregationalist.

In a striking article on the liquor traffic, the Catholic World says: "This great question in New York state is fast approaching a crisis. Late events have done much to reveal the animus and tyranny of the liquor trade. It is manifest in its bribes, unbounded in its exactions, and in its domination as merciless as Fate. It holds its whip over legislators, magistrates, commissioners of excise, and policemen. We saw in the late New York election how long it remembered and pursued with its vengeance a candidate for secretary of state, who when in the legislature had failed to vote in its interest. It marks tradesmen with a ban and forbids to trade with them. It has a common purse, which can be drawn upon at short notice and used secretly where money is stronger than argument. Such being the case it is easy to understand how readily the trade can undo in a single session, what the people, rising in their might, had decreed and meant to establish forever.

The Presbyterian Banner says: "It is somewhat remarkable that now, when a few critics belonging to orthodox churches are trying to throw doubts upon some parts of the Bible and to impair the integrity of the whole inspired volume, leading Unitarians are beginning to admit that the doctrines of the orthodox churches are more in accordance with the scriptures than those of their own denomination; while in doing this they do not attempt to weaken their authority or to throw doubts upon any part of them. Some time ago Rev. Dr. Ellis, one of the leading Unitarian ministers of Boston, said 'that the scriptures fairly interpreted yield the orthodox doctrines.' And now Rev. H. W. Pierson declares, in the Unitarian Review, that 'orthodoxy keeps much closer to the thought and expression of Paul than Unitarianism does.'"

The official report of the national bureau of statistics, shows that the exports of petroleum and petroleum products during the year 1888 were 538,134,100 gallons, valued at \$44,623,074. This shows an increase in 1888 over the preceding year of nearly 30,000,000 gallons in amount and of over \$3,000,000 in value. In view of the petroleum developments in the Russian and Turkish provinces, and the embargo on American petroleum at Constantinople and other ports along the Mediterranean, this is an encouraging showing for the petroleum producers of this country. The ratio of increase in our petroleum exports during the past year was about the same as that for several preceding years, demonstrating that the use of the great American oil product is gradually extending, making it an important item in our list of exports. The money value of this product sent abroad in 1879 amounted to about \$37,000,000; in 1880, \$39,000,000; in 1881, to nearly \$42,000,000; in 1882, to \$44,600,000; and in 1883, to \$47,761,000. The unofficial estimates of the amount exported in January, some 5,000,000 gallons, and of advance orders, indicate that the ratio of increase for the current year will be maintained.—Bay City Tribune.

TARDY JUSTICE.

It is with great pleasure we note that the Eastern Michigan Congregational Association at its meeting at Imlay City, on Wednesday of last week, explicitly and completely exonerated the Rev. Ebenezer Ireland, of Mt. Clemens, from the charges made against him "that his divorce and re-marriage were not in accordance with scriptural interpretation." The following is the language used by the committee: "That the evidence conclusively proves that Rev. Ebenezer Ireland is an honest, honorable man, a worthy minister of the gospel, trustworthy in statement, that he has been exonerated from blame in his domestic troubles by the official action of the churches with which he labored while living with his then wife, and that but for her his ministry would have been peaceful and successful."

Every one who has known Mr. Ireland will endorse the above, with the possible exception of a few officious persons in the Presbyterian church at Mt. Clemens, who were not satisfied with running the church but determined to run Mr. Ireland and his domestic affairs. It was this small band of Christians(?) who have caused Mr. Ireland all his trouble. Being acquainted with Mr. Ireland, and believing him to be a trustworthy, honest and upright man, and on the other hand, being acquainted with the few individuals who are at the

EAST BRANCH, Feb. 18th, '84.

Please give space, so that I may show the readers of your paper my position, and the injustice of A. M. Webster. In the first place I do not seek notoriety, especially the notoriety that I should gain by a public discussion on the platform, or over my name in the papers. I feel that I have already degraded myself in noticing his aspirations to notoriety, (these are not the words that belong here)

Now, let me ask who commenced these personal attacks? Who wrote the article in answer to the "back door" business, that was published in the Gazette, over the signature of A. M. Webster? Do you not feel proud of it? That was a master piece, (I mean school-master piece); let me illustrate, suppose you came up and slapped me in the face, and I should defend myself, would I make a personal attack in so doing? Do you teach your scholars that self-defense is a personal attack; in that article you not only attacked the living but the dead; and if you can find an article that has ever been published in the Tawas that were not in self-defense, I would like to see it; you can not find it, not one! And you cannot find a sentence in my letter advocating the saloon business, not one. Further, in that letter of yours to "Kilpatrick's Defender" let me quote your language and see if I understand it correctly: "If you feel hurt that I called attention to the 'big yarn' (why did you not use your own words 'big lie,') (perhaps I ought to call it) of Gen. Kilpatrick, you could have said so, and you could not doubt have got a score more of good names to put beside your own in his defense"; reader just notice the way the school-master has worded his article, no doubt he thinks we will not be able to comprehend his meaning. To say that when you knew him twenty years ago, he was a moderate drinker; just see what he puts in brackets, (and we all know how impossible it is that the habit should have grown upon him). Hypocrite! how tame the name sounds, I have not language suitable to expose the meanness of such a slur, so you will pardon me for borrowing one of yours, you may as well have reiterated your first words, and called him a drunken sot, liar, prevaricator, and a rum blossom, so that even the colored porter knew he drank.

It cannot be Mr. Webster, that you know that General Kilpatrick is "dead." The great warrior, the great orator, America's nobleman, the man who, a short time before he died, after delivering a lecture to a Grand Army post, was urged by his old comrades to partake of a champagne supper. Hear his words, let the world hear those words, they come from a noble heart, a great mind; treasure them up, write them on your blackboard, let the children learn them. These are the words: "No gentlemen, I cannot go into a place where I cannot take my wife. No man should go where he cannot take his family." Read that over and over again, and see if they are the sentiments of a drunken sot; let us draw a veil over the blast that the schoolmaster tries to make on so noble a character.

Now, Mr. Webster, it took just four and one-half inches of that column to call me a saloon sympathizer, a dishonest man, and a liar, and sign your name in capital letters, tell us in your next what is said about "self-praise"; and let me say that accusing, or criminating, is no argument, and if you have an argument other than crimination, I would like to answer it.

If you wish to compare personal characters, etc., etc., over our own names in capital letters, or on the restrum, let me say that from what I hear of yours, (do not misunderstand me. I do not believe all I hear is true,) and what I know of my own, that subject had better be discussed in private, with closed doors, it would not be of much interest to the public, as the saying is, "I may wrestle with a stove pipe and overcome it, yet I would get soot on me."

EAST BRANCH.

Paris makes imitation oysters.

Confucius had a mother-in-law.

Conkling gets in \$100,000 a year.

Vermont is short on spruce gum.

Keep the dog at work on the tramps.

Denver was too wicked for Ingersoll.

"The country schools are not so good as they were thirty years ago," says Gov. Waller, of Connecticut, which leads the Savannah News to remark that "the birch forests of that state have been almost destroyed by the nutmeg factories."

Sir Alexander Cooper, the English giant new on exhibition at Chicago, stands eight feet, five inches. He recently advertised for a wife. He received something like 900 answers from young ladies, widows and old maids. Even a giant can be accommodated in this country.

There are a great many men in congress, remarks the Philadelphia Record, who would ardently support a resolution indorsing the ten commandments as general abstract propositions, and who would afterward, as practical politicians, vote against the enforcement of every one of them in detail.

The society of the army of the Potomac will hold its next reunion in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 11 and 12. Brig. Gen. Horace Porter, formerly chief of staff to Gen. Grant, will be the orator, and John

THE COLORADO SAND DUNES.

The Tragical Story of Their Origin Sixty Seven Years Ago.

We had reached the banks of that noble stream of the west, the Rio Grande river, after a long and fatiguing march of forty miles across the desert of the San Luis valley, Colorado. We had finished our meal and were reclining upon a pile of blankets placed upon the ground and enjoying a comfortable smoke. We were talking about the wonderful sand dunes or hills which we passed on the eastern side of the desert and which still loomed up before us thirty-five miles distant. These sand dunes of the San Luis valley run on the west side and parallel with the Sangre de Christo range of mountains. The soil of this valley is composed of a dry, loose sand that a light breeze will raise in a cloud. At times there are terrible sand storms, and it is during these storms that these immense mountains of sand are formed. They are completely barren of all vegetation and present a white, dazzling appearance to the eye. Opposite the Maseo Pass lies one end of this curious range of sand hills, and it is there that the largest one is situated. It rises to a height of 800 feet above the level of the surrounding desert and is surrounded by numerous smaller ones which rise all the way from twenty-five to several hundred feet in height.

HOW HAD THE DUNES BEEN FORMED?

How and when the dunes had been formed was the subject of our conversation; but presently the conversation slackened until we were each occupied with our own thoughts and silently admiring the beautiful sight of the Sangre de Christo range which lay before us, with the snow-tipped Mount Blanca, the noblest and highest peak of the Rockies, as the central figure. The sun had sunk behind the San Juan mountains in the west, and the grand and imposing picture that lay before us was gradually fading from our view. We were getting a fresh breeze from the snow-covered mountains, the evening had become cool and I got up to place some logs on our fire, which was getting low. Scarcely had I done so when I heard light footsteps and the snapping of dry twigs. From out of a dense growth of willows toward the river came a man, a Spaniard. I welcomed him in Spanish, and invited him to draw near our fire and be seated. He introduced himself as Francis Gonzalez. I told him that our curiosity had been greatly excited at the magnitude of the sand hills of the San Luis. He remained silent for a moment, gazing into the fire, but looking up suddenly, he said: "Senor, if it would please you, I can relate to you how the famous sand dunes of the San Luis valley really came into existence. There are undoubtedly many who can tell you this tale, but there is no one living who would be more apt to know the truth in regard to it than myself, for it was my grandfather who started the foundation of the largest one in the range with part of his herd of sheep and several of his herders." I assured him we were never too tired to listen and begged him to proceed.

THE MEXICAN'S STORY.

"It is now ten years, if not more," he said, "since I last repeated what I am to tell you to-night, and although it may seem almost incredible to you, it is nevertheless true. What I am to repeat to you was told to me by my father and has been told by me to my children. It was in the year 1816 that my grandfather, El Senor Don Lotis Gonzalez, returned to his home in Mexico, where he had enormous herds of cattle and sheep, from an exploring tour North. He had penetrated into this part of Colorado, and had traveled over the San Luis valley. Feed was here in such abundance that my grandfather returned to his home fully determined to brave the Indians, and send a small portion of his herd of sheep in charge of some of his Mexican herders to this valley. He therefore selected 3,500 sheep from his herd, picked out five of his most trusty herders and sent them out upon their journey. It was in the spring time that they arrived at their destination. They immediately set to work building cabins to live in and corrals for the sheep. A month had passed away and the sheep were thriving wonderfully and nothing occurred to give warning of their approaching doom. On June 25, one herder, Marteniz by name, proposed to see what kind of country lay on the other side of the mountains. After three days spent in wandering he started to return to his companions. He pursued his way, with no forebodings of the horrible fate that had overtaken those left behind, and at last arrived at the mouth of the pass.

BURIED.

"He looked, and where he should have seen the newly erected cabins and the herd peacefully grazing, he saw only an immense mountain of sand. He was dumfounded, and could not believe at first but that it was some hideous nightmare, or else that he had lost his way, and that his companions, with the sheep, were off in some other direction. After going a short distance further and seeing many familiar landmarks, he at last came to realize what had happened, and that where now stood only a large hill of sand was where his home had been for the past month. He started immediately to find his brother herders, but after searching for them for two days he gave them up at last. A storm had risen during his absence and buried the 3,500 sheep, his four companions and their houses and corrals beneath fifty feet of sand. That was the beginning of the famous sand dunes of Colorado.

A story of a characteristic American traveler is told in the Scotch Highlands. Tired and thirsty he had come suddenly upon a little shooting-box on the hills. The proprietor, an intensely proud Highlander, stood at the gate and regarded the intruding foreigner without sign of hospitality. The Ameri-

An African Funeral.

On the evening of the first day's journey we stopped at a village called Itamba, near the point where the Congo begins to narrow down from a breadth of nine or ten miles to a few hundred yards. Here, at Itamba, we found the people just about to proceed to the obsequies of a dead fellow-townsman, an old man, apparently of some social standing. The chief and his subjects were in some perplexity. Of late years it has become "de rigeur," since guns were introduced into the upper Congo regions, to fire a salute over the body of a defunct person, especially if it be of any distinction; and the inhabitants of the village, possessing only one pitiful old flint lock among them, and that terribly out of repair, were hesitating when we arrived at to what course they should pursue—whether they should charge and fire this one dilapidated gun and risk its bursting, or whether the deceased should be allowed to wend his way to the land of spirits unadorned and unsaluted. Seeing their perplexity, Lieut. Urban volunteered to fire a round of twenty cartridges from his "Winchester." The chief and people were delighted. Could there be greater honor for the deceased than to receive his farewell salute at the hands of a white man, with his wonderful gun, from Mputo—the mysterious region beyond the sea—the unknown—perhaps heaven itself? (for are not these white men sons of heaven?) So thought the old chief, as he led us to see the corpse. With an earnest, pleading tone he took our hands in his and said: "Oh, you who are going home,"—and he pointed to the pale and peaceful sky—"you will send him back to us, will you not? You will tell him his hut is waiting for him, his wives will prepare his manioc white as cotton cloth, and there shall be Malafu in plenty, and a goat killed. You will send him back, will you not? This expression of feeling quite took us by surprise. Ordinarily the African chief is so stolid, so thoroughly material, that one never expects from him anything like sentiment or poetical ideas. We tried as gently as possible—for he appealed to both of us in his distress—to explain at once our utter inability to reanimate this hideous corpse with the breath of life, and to encourage him with vague hopes that all was not in vain, but he shook his aged, grizzled head sadly at the confession of our powerlessness to face with death. The body of the dead man had been previously smoked and dried over a slow fire, so that the flesh, except upon the hands, was shrunken and reduced to a leathery covering round the gaunt bones. The face had been gaudily painted with scarlet, yellow, and white pigments, and the whole body was encrusted with the red dye of the camwood tree. Round the nose and mouth was wrapped a band of cloth, and gay-patterned cotton swathed the body. For some reason the hands were plump and well covered with flesh, as if in life. The dead man had been placed in his grave in a sitting posture, many layers of native cloth lying under him, and ready to cover him upon the top were piles of cotton stuffs received in trade from the far-off coast, and representing to these natives a considerable amount of wealth. In the vague half-determined notions which the people here have conceived as to a future existence, everything in the spirit world is supposed to be a pale copy of things existing on the earth, so that for this reason they put cloth, vessels of pottery, and, in the case of a chief, dead slaves into the graves, in order that the deceased arriving in the land of shades may not appear unprovided with the necessary means of making a fresh start in a new life. The grave in which this man was buried had been dug in a hut, and the head of the corpse was not more than two feet below the surface. We could not ascertain whether the hut, or rather house—for it was a substantial building of poles and thatch—would be abandoned or not. I fancy not, as it is only in the case of a chief that this is done; and the man that was dead, although rich and influential, was, after all only the favorite slave of the chief. In this village many skulls were stuck on top of the houses. They were those of misdoers who had been slain by the fetish man for their crimes, and their skulls were thus exposed for the admonition of others. Out of mere fun we asked if they would sell us some, knowing the horror that these people have of parting with any human remains, and expecting a decided refusal. To our surprise, however, they immediately asked a certain price, which was afterward reduced to three brass rods for each skull, at which rate three were soon bought, and more might probably have been procured if we had cared to stop and bargain.—Correspondence London Telegraph.

Value of a Big Hotel's Refuse.

"I have just let the contract for the swill of my house for next season at \$500," said the manager of a large summer hotel to a Journal reporter this morning. "The price is very low, and there seems to be no reason why the contractor should not make \$1,000 clear out of the deal."

"How can he treble his money?"

"Because the swill itself is worth at least \$1,000, and then the dishes he picks out, besides the marked ones, are good for \$500 more. Why, do you know that at one of the Coney Island hotels, where I was formerly employed, a man was hired for the express purpose of sorting over the swill, and picking out the dishes!"

"How do so many dishes get into the swill?"

"You should get into the kitchen of a large hotel when a rush comes. Everything goes—spoons, forks, knives and dishes. Generally the silverware is marked, and is returned by the contractor. The waiters are very indifferent. Why, do you know I once saw a waiter with a silver full of goblets

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